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THE NATION

THE PRESIDENCY

Protecting the Flank

(See Cover)

For two weeks the great silver-and-blue jet had chased the sun. Then, carrying Lyndon Johnson on the last leg of his Asian odyssey, Air Force One changed course. Soaring over the slender, gilded spires of Bangkok's temples, it wheeled south for a brief stopover in Kuala Lumpur, was subsequently scheduled to head northeast for Seoul, the last Asian capital on the President's itinerary. Behind lay the summit conference in Manila and Johnson's historic visit to South Viet Nam, the first trip ever made by a U.S. President to a foreign battlefield save for Franklin Roosevelt's call at Casablanca in 1943.

For Johnson, the 20-hour-a-day grind of sightseeing and ceremony, of conferences with Presidents and Premiers, audiences with a semidivine king (Thailand's Bhumibol Adulyadej) and a politician-prince (Malaysia's Tunku Abdul Rahman) had been "the hardest work of my life." And other self-set labors awaited him back home. After one day's rest in the capital, the President was scheduled to hit the road again for a whirlwind windup to the 1966 election campaign.

In effect, Johnson has been on the campaign trail ever since he left Washington to start his 17-day, seven-nation swing through Asia. He went to Australia and New Zealand, the Philippines and Thailand, Malaysia and Korea as a Western leader in quest of a solution to the war in Viet Nam. In Viet Nam itself, he went as Commander in Chief to thank his troops for serving "in the front line of a contest as far-reaching and as vital as any we have ever waged." But he also went to Asia as an American politician whose party is embroiled in a major campaign, knowing well that the voters' decisions next week will be examined as closely by Ho Chi Minh, looking for indications of U.S. irresolution about the war, as by G.O.P. Chairman Ray Bliss.

72% to 48%. When he left Washington, the President was thoroughly aware that his trip was something of a long-distance whistle-stop tour, an exercise in diplomacy that could help burnish his tarnished image. Johnson has manipulated most of the levers of presidential power with a skill matched by few of his predecessors, and in the

process has achieved a legislative record second to none. But he has been unable to budge the lever that in the end controls all of the others: public opinion.

Ultimately, a President's greatest power is in inspiring people to follow his lead. Because he has signally failed to do this despite his landslide victory in 1964, Johnson's Great Society so far looks better in the record books than in the nation's neighborhoods and schoolrooms. Far from giving him the ultimate power that goes with their assent, most Americans have withheld it because they vaguely fear that he already has too much power.

While Johnson is accorded high marks for getting things done, he has not thereby endeared himself to his constituents. Each new public-opinion sampling brings evidence of an ever-widening "affection gap": last week the Minneapolis Tribune reported an eleven-month slippage from 72% to 48% in Minnesotans' approval of his performance. The credibility gap, fostered by the President's often devious ways, also keeps growing. An airline executive fresh from a visit to Lyndon's home state reported last week that "in Texas, they wouldn't believe Johnson

if he told them that next month was November."

90% v. 90%. Johnson suffers, too, from a kind of generational gap that yawns wider every time Bobby Kennedy addresses a crowd. It is not simply a matter of age. As a kind of latter-day Andrew Jackson in an era that looks for a more patrician patina on its politicians, he strikes many as plain corny or simply crude. Last week, for example, while en route to Manila, the wife of an allied Prime Minister had just confided to her seat mate that she preferred bacon even to caviar when the President leaned over, speared one of her two rashers and devoured it. Then he ordered another portion—for himself.

Columnists Rowland Evans and Robert Novak quote a White House aide as saying that "90% of what he does is right, and 90% of the way he does it is wrong." Johnson's pettiness and peevishness, his displays of deceit and conceit have been so frequently documented that what was once a nebulous attitude of indifference on the public's part has crystallized into active dislike.

As Johnson's problems with the economy, the war and civil rights have deepened, so has public mistrust of the



PRESIDENT & KING AT BANGKOK'S CHULALONGKORN UNIVERSITY
To cultivate fragile shoots in a stony soil.

man. "He is an egotistical, maniacal, triple-plated son of a bitch, that's what he is," growls a Coloradan in an irrational but not atypical reaction to the man. "Johnson said we could have both guns and butter," says a Los Angeles housewife. "But he didn't say how much the butter was going to cost." Yet on the issue that has inspired more nationwide and worldwide antagonism toward L.B.J. than any other—Viet Nam—a *Congressional Quarterly* survey shows 58.5% of the House and Senate behind the President. And the latest Harris poll reveals that overall public support of Johnson's prosecution of the war is running as high as 2 to 1.

No. 7. Against this curious background of support for his policies and distaste for his personality, the Presi-

arms, slapped no backs. During a picture-taking session before the Philippine House of Representatives, he carefully stood a couple of steps below his Asian colleagues so as not to tower over them.

A 20% Man. "He's a 20% man on this trip," said an aide. "He's going to listen 80%, talk the rest." When the conference opened, he did even better than that: he went the first eight hours without saying an official word. Only at the end of the day did Johnson finally do some talking.

Sitting next to Philippine President Ferdinand Marcos at a U-shaped table of gleaming rubbed mahogany in Malacañang Palace, home of the islands' rulers—Spanish, American, and finally Filipino—for a century, Johnson noted

"Take your banners to Hanoi, because there is where the decision for peace hangs in the balance."

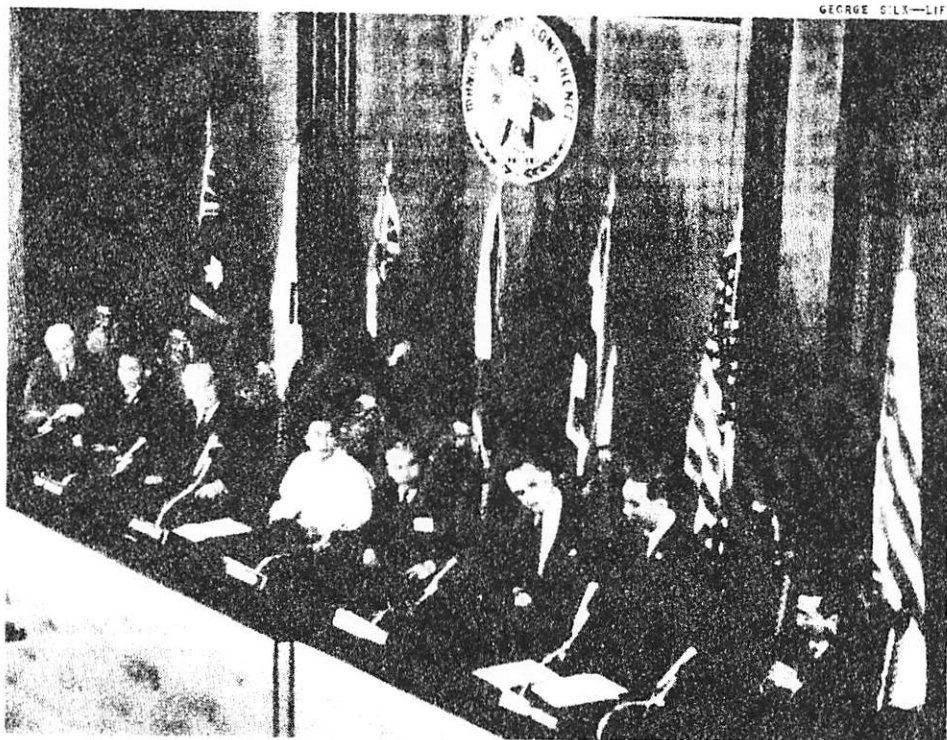
A few hours later, more than a thousand demonstrators materialized on the lawn under his hotel window carrying placards that could not be answered this side of sanity: HEIL LYNDON, said one; JOHNSON IS HITLER'S GRANDSON? asked another. Egged on by leaders of a Communist-front group called Kabataang Makabayan, the demonstration dissolved into a rock-throwing riot, and before it ended, 20 protesters had been carted off in patrol wagons and a dozen in ambulances.

In Sight of the Gallows. While Lyndon Johnson was holed up in his suite, work was already under way on the conference's final communiqué. From 8 in the evening until 3 the next morning, ambassador-level drafters worked over five versions. The foreign ministers spent three more hours polishing it. Finally the heads of state, finding the language too stiff, gave it yet another going-over. The original drafts are covered with scrawls from Lyndon Johnson's heavy, felt-tipped black pen and more compact scratchings from his allies' ballpoints.

The communiqué (see box), and in fact the whole conference, was a minor triumph for the U.S. policy of the middle way in Viet Nam. "We set out with modest objectives," said a member of the U.S. delegation, "and I think we achieved them." The principal achievement was to avert a schism between the hard-lining nations on Asia's mainland, South Korea, Thailand and Viet Nam ("The ones in sight of the gallows," as one U.S. aide puts it), and the safer, softer-lining insular nations, Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines.

By patient advance spadework in Asian capitals, U.S. diplomats managed to resolve the differences and preclude embarrassments. In Saigon, for example, Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge urged Premier Nguyen Cao Ky to beware of impetuous remarks that might wreck the conference—such as repeating his proposal to invade North Viet Nam. "Lodge told Ky that ad libs were fine—so long as you'd worked on them day and night for six months before tossing them out," said one American.

A Pledge Unhedged. On the eve of the conference, Lyndon Johnson crowned the U.S. diplomatic effort with a 4½-hour performance that showed the President at his best. Soon after his arrival, the President paid a visit to South Korea's flinty, austere President Chung Hee Park. Blending flattery and cajolery for the next hour, he lauded Park for steering Korea from military to civilian government, hastened to assure him that the U.S. was not seeking peace out of weakness but out of a desire to attack "the underlying roots of the problem—human misery." Noting that he had entered public life to help people, he told Park: "The place to do it is in Asia. Here's where most of the people are." Johnson delivered the same message to



MANILA CONFERENCE: HOLT, PARK, HOLYOAKE, MARCOS, KITTIKACHORN, JOHNSON, THIEU & KY
Impressive evidence of increasing orchestration.

dent went to Asia. He had two broad objectives in mind. One was to show Hanoi that, where Viet Nam was concerned, it had to cope not only with "this Dictator Johnson with the long nose," as the President himself put it, but with half a dozen Asian nations as well. The other was to help cultivate the fragile shoots of regional cooperation that are beginning to poke through Asia's stony political soil, in which enmity has always flourished far more readily than amity.

"This is not an American show," the President told the National Security Council on the eve of his departure. In Manila he went out of his way to avoid the limelight—even though he was clearly the main attraction for the mobs. "We are not even No. 2," he kept reminding aides during the seven-nation meeting on Viet Nam. "We are No. 7." In public appearances, he squeezed no

that four principles dominated the talks. They were that "aggression must fail," that the allies must press pacification and development programs in South Viet Nam, that the budding spirit of cooperation among Asians must be nurtured, and that peace must be pursued. The important thing, he said, was not to mislead Hanoi as Hitler was misled before World War II. "I know that some people scoff at my use of Munich to illustrate this point," he said. "But you just can't laugh at the principle of it. We cannot let our indifference be their invitation."

The President spoke of the peace demonstrators who had dogged him on his visit Down Under. "In the last few days," he said, "I have seen banners that say, 'We want peace,' and I say, 'So do I.' But I would also like to say to those young people carrying those signs, 'You brought them to the wrong persons.

"Thank You." Johnson, squinting at the rows of lean, weatherbeaten men who crowded around the makeshift stand, told them: "I came here today for one good reason: simply because I could not come to this part of the world and not come to see you." Added the President: "I give you my pledge: We shall never let you down, or your fighting comrades, or the 15 million people of South Viet Nam, or the hundreds of millions of Asians who are counting on us to show here—here in Viet Nam—that aggression doesn't pay, and that aggression can't succeed."

Sweating heavily, with both temperature and humidity in the 80s, Johnson peeled off his jacket, self-consciously patted his paunch, then sprang another surprise. He presented Westmoreland with a Distinguished Service Medal "for his courage, for his leadership, for his determination, and for his great ability as a soldier and as a patriot." Like the good soldier he is, the general betrayed no surprise, did not even turn his head when he heard the news. "American fighting men," concluded the President, "you have the respect, you have the support, you have the prayers of a grateful President and of a grateful nation."

Plunging into the olive-drab crowd, the President heard an Army corporal say "Thank you for coming." "Thank you," he replied, "for being here." He reached for outthrust hands. "How about one for Texas?" shouted one soldier. The President gave him a hearty handshake and a big grin. In the air-conditioned Quonsets of the base hospital, the President gave out two dozen Purple Hearts, signed "L.B.J." on casts and fatigue caps, shook hands with nurses in baggy fatigues.

"Keep Safe." At the enlisted men's chow hall, Johnson picked up a partitioned tray, protested. "I'm watching my waistline" as it was heaped with baked ham, macaroni, cole slaw, salad, mashed potatoes and apple pie. For a moment he sat alone at a special long table laid out for him with a white tablecloth and yellow roses. Then Westmoreland shouted to his subordinates: "He wants some men to eat with." A number of soldiers, many of them wearing helmets and toting M-16 rifles, were steered to the President's table. "Y'all come back safe and sound, y' hear?" he told the men as he left. At the Officers' Club, Westmoreland had assembled his combat commanders. There the President said: "General Westmoreland told me that you were the best Army ever. If this is the best Army, you are the best leaders. I thank you. I salute you. Come home with that coonskin on the wall."

By now, darkness was enveloping the bay, turning the mountains beyond it a deep purple and leaving only a golden-orange ribbon at the rim of the horizon. Just 2 hours and 24 minutes after he arrived, the President boarded his big Boeing 707. Scarcely six hours after leaving Manila, he was back—and only then was the news of his historic trip

broken. In Saigon, newsmen got wind of it a couple of hours earlier, but the government pulled the plug on all press circuits for 2½ hours to make sure that the President was safely back in the Philippines.

The round of 20-hour days was beginning to tell on the President; when he flew into the big U.S. airbase at Sattahip on the Gulf of Siam the next day, he was visibly exhausted. Helicoptering to Kittikachorn's summer residence at the sparkling seaside resort of Bang Saen, the President spent a day relaxing, then headed with Lady Bird into Bangkok for a new round of ceremonies.

Nowhere were the protocol problems thornier than in Thailand, but U.S. diplomats succeeded in persuading the Thais to relax a few of the rules. At Boromibin Mansion, a yellow stucco building where the Johnsons were put up inside the mile-square Grand Palace compound built by the founders of Thailand's Chakri dynasty two centuries ago, the U.S. was allowed to erect a giant antenna for the President's worldwide communications; normally, the Thais are reluctant to permit structures to soar higher than their ubiquitous Buddhist temples. When Johnson chomped into the Royal Plaza near Chitralada Palace for his audience with King Bhumibol Adulyadej and the lovely Queen Sirikit, he was allowed to wear a business suit instead of the traditional cutaway.

The motorcade that followed was unlike anything that Lyndon Johnson had ever seen in 28 years of politicking. As the King and the President drove past in a long yellow Mercedes, with Sirikit and Lady Bird following in a yellow Daimler, schoolchildren daintily waved flags and cried softly, "*Cha yo [hurrah]*." Not once did Lyndon yield to the temptation to stop the show and press some flesh. In contrast to the placard-waving scenes from Melbourne to Manila, there were no demonstrations. "Such an act," said General Praphas Charusathien, the Interior Minister, "is against the law."

Falling Rain. That night, the President played an unwontedly modest supporting role in an updated *King and I* spectacle. The show belonged wholly to Thailand's royal couple. Bhumibol broke tradition by delivering a long political toast to the President, warning against any compromise in Viet Nam that might compromise his kingdom's independence and security. "To us, peace can have only one meaning," he said. "It must be peace with honor and freedom." Replied Johnson: "America keeps its commitments." Sirikit, seated next to Bhumibol in front of a mother-of-pearl throne with a nine-tiered canopy (symbolizing her husband's place as the ninth King in the Chakri line), glowed in a champagne-colored gown, despite a lingering cold and a heavy dose of antibiotics. After an all-French dinner, from consommé to patisserie, the Royal Navy Orchestra played Bach,

Brahms, Bizet and Bhumibol—two compositions by the Massachusetts-born King entitled *Falling Rain* and *Magic Beams*.

Though Johnson had been briefed on the myriad restrictions surrounding the King, he kept forgetting himself. Several times he strode ahead of Bhumibol while courtiers paled and sucked in their breath. At Chulalongkorn University, where Johnson, wearing a translucent academic gown trimmed with orange and yellow, received a silver-framed honorary Doctor of Political Science degree, the President crossed his legs with one foot pointed at the King: Thai officials felt faint, for the foot is considered the lowliest part of the body.

His Kind of Place. Nonetheless, a figure of Johnson's rank is forgiven such lapses, and he was, after all, *pratanati-*



LADY BIRD & SIRIKIT
With Bach, Brahms and Bhumibol.

pod, the President (literally, "chairman of the greatest"). He was treated accordingly. At his quarters, overlooking the Temple of the Emerald Buddha, servants brought the President his meals on their knees, performed *wais* (a bow with the hands pressed together) before him. Cracked a U.S. aide: "This is Johnson's kind of place."

When the President's turn came to play host to the King, he summoned Jazz Saxophonist Stan Getz from the U.S. to the affair, held in a borrowed royal banquet hall, as a special gesture of appreciation for the elaborate, if subdued welcome that he had received. Though Bhumibol has played his saxophone and clarinet in swinging sessions with other U.S. jazz groups, on this occasion he sat back and enjoyed the show.

In Kuala Lumpur, the reception was likely to be notably less restrained. On the eve of Johnson's arrival, a handful of University of Malaya students dem-

onstrated against the Viet Nam war despite the government's attempts to avert such protests by arresting some 60 left-wing opposition leaders. Still, with two dozen welcoming committees at work on his 24-hour visit, it was likely to be a memorable one. No demonstrations were expected in Seoul, however, and Park anticipated crowds of 2,000,000 to greet the President—double the number that happily mobbed Dwight Eisenhower in 1960.

Johnson Blitz. Though surfeited with the sights and sounds of a kaleidoscopic journey that covered 31,000 miles—and, it seemed, as many handshakes—the President was ready to take off again. Having promised to stump all 50 states, Johnson plans to zip through 15 of them in four days to make good his word. He will dash from New England to the Midwest and the Northwest the first day, campaign along the West Coast the second, stop off in Utah, Nevada, New Mexico and Arizona on the third day, and make several calls in Texas and Tennessee before returning to the White House on election eve.

Lyndon Johnson obviously hopes that his mission to Asia will have served the dual purpose of covering an international flank for his country and a political one for his party. The G.O.P. is frankly concerned that the last-minute "Johnson blitz," as Richard Nixon labeled it last week, may have a major effect on the outcome of the elections. As if anticipating criticism that his Asia tour was planned solely for political advantage back home, Johnson admitted to Premier Ky in Manila: "People may say it's just propaganda, but let's hope it's more than that. We're putting our word before the world." The U.S. citizen, no matter how he might vote on Nov. 8, could only share the President's hope that the long-term results of the Asian venture would prove more important than politics and more enduring than propaganda.

THE WAR

Agony of the Oriskany

Amid gentle swells 50 miles off the coast of North Viet Nam, the aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Oriskany* swung northward into the wind. Four A-4E Skyhawk jet bombers soared gracefully off the flight deck. At 7:38 a.m., four more were being readied in a hangar bay far below, when a shouting sailor burst from a 15-ft.-square locker near by. Behind him was an ominously hissing stack of 700 Mark-24 magnesium parachute flares. He barely had time to dog down the hatch on the locker and race for a phone when the flares began to explode. Fire bells clanged; klaxons sounded the call to general quarters. Loudspeakers shrilled: "This is no drill! This is no drill!"

Helpless Horror. Superbly trained fire crews dragged hoses toward the burning locker. Other crewmen fought desperately to roll four planes to the far end of the hangar deck; three of them were already laden with bombs; the fourth, a tanker, carried 900 gal. of JB-5 jet fuel. The fire fighters watched in helpless horror as the steel bulkheads of the flare locker started ballooning under the 7,000° heat inside. The steel hatch blasted open with a great gout of flame that engulfed the hangar and sent fireballs rocketing down every passageway, igniting two helicopters. Five sailors were burned alive.

The automatic sprinkler system opened up, spraying curtains of water into the lower-deck compartments. But the magnesium-fed fire continued to burn, turning sections of the flight deck above into a sizzling skillet. Choking clouds of dense, dirty-grey smoke poured through seven decks of the *Oriskany's* forward sections. Two more blasts sent flames belching along the flight deck, where red-shirted ordnance experts worked feverishly to jettison 500-lb., 1,000-lb. and 2,000-lb. bombs;

they dumped dozens overboard into the sea.

The fire caught hundreds of the *Oriskany's* 3,400-man crew below deck. Worst hit was "officers' country" in the forecabin, where many men had not yet climbed out of their bunks. As the choking fumes billowed into their compartments, they tried to escape, only to be forced back by the deadly smoke and heat in the passageways. Lieut. Commander Marvin Reynolds opened his porthole and managed to alert some hands on the top deck; they handed down a hose and an oxygen mask. Then Reynolds spent three hours spraying water around his oven-hot compartment. Commander Richard M. Bellinger, a 205-lb. jet pilot who was awarded the Silver Star last month, ripped out an air conditioner, wriggled naked through the tiny opening to a burning catwalk and escape. Others were not so lucky.

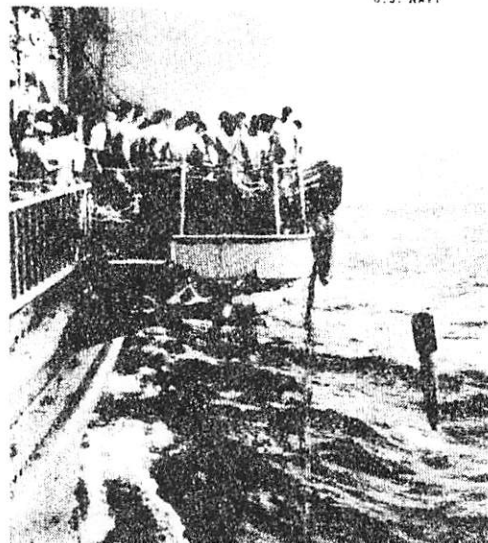
Flag-Draped Coffins. Again and again, volunteers donned oxygen equipment to go below into the stupefying heat in search of trapped shipmates. Some had to don scuba gear and swim through inky water that rose over their heads in the darkened passageways. They hauled to safety many men who were horribly injured, unconscious or so broken by shock that they could not comprehend where they were. Not until after 3 p.m., more than seven hours after the flares first began their still-unexplained sputtering, was the last small smoldering fire extinguished.

That night, looking as if she had taken a direct hit in battle, the 42,000-ton *Oriskany* limped across the South China Sea, bound for Subic Bay in the Philippines. Shortly after she docked there, honor guards from her crew carried away a seemingly endless line of flag-draped coffins. Thus, only two weeks before she was due to finish her second tour of duty off Viet Nam, the *Oriskany* suffered in one day the Navy's worst disaster of the Viet Nam War: 35 offi-

U.S. NAVY



STRICKEN CARRIER



JETTISONING BOMBS

Too many heroes to count.

cers (24 of them combat-conditioned pilots) and eight enlisted men had died, all but six of suffocation. In two years at war, the carrier had previously lost eleven pilots.

It was more valor than luck that kept the *Oriskany* from going to the bottom of the Gulf of Tonkin. "There were just too many acts of heroism to count," said Skipper John Iarrobino. "There were literally hundreds. If there hadn't been, God only knows what the toll and the damage might have been." Almost everyone aboard performed with distinction, but the kids, the teen-aged sailors of the *Oriskany*, got particular acclaim for keeping her afloat. Said one seasoned chief: "Those crazy rock-'n'-roll jitterbuggers, they saved this ship today. Getting into that fire and pushing those bombs over the side and volunteering for rescue parties—those kids were everywhere doing everything."

THE CAMPAIGN

A Question of How Big

Experts of every description—politicians and pundits, sociologists and foreign ministers—will dissect exhaustively the results of the 1966 midterm election in the U.S. Yet as the campaign moved into its final days, few could agree on any hard estimate of the outcome.

At stake are myriad local offices ranging from county sheriff to township assessor, more than 6,800 state legislative posts, 35 governorships, 35 U.S. Senate seats and all 435 seats in the U.S. House of Representatives. According to the polls, many Americans—up to 30% in certain races—have lodged themselves squarely in the "undecided" column, which could reflect a simmering, silent dissatisfaction within the electorate or merely a reluctance to size up the issues and candidates.

A Major Issue. There are a number of visible national issues. Housewives are generally unhappy about high food prices (see U.S. BUSINESS); businessmen and farmers are restive over tight money; many voters remain vaguely uneasy over the course of the Viet Nam war. Yet none of these attitudes by itself portends a great national shift of votes. While inflation is no doubt a factor in some contests, it has been defused at least partially by the prevalence of high wages and prosperity.

Instead, the major issue may prove to be the largely unspoken but undeniable reaction of many white Americans against the Negro's gains and demands in the civil rights movement, an emotion-charged response encompassed by the catchall phrase "white backlash." A recent Republican poll shows that more than half the U.S. electorate feels that the Democratic Administration has moved too fast on civil rights; equally significant, some 60% of all Negroes acknowledge that their cause has been damaged by recent rioting and black-power militance. The race issue endangers liberals of both

parties—a fact, ironically enough, that alarms organized labor, which itself all too often tolerates lily-white unions. "Who can tell," asks one labor leader, "what this madness is going to do?"

Both parties are concentrating on congressional races, particularly for the 48 Democratic seats wrested from the G.O.P. in the 1964 Johnson landslide. With off-year elections traditionally fa-



O'CONNOR STUMPING MANHATTAN

Only one constant.

voring the out party, estimates of G.O.P. gains range all the way from ten to 75 seats. Conceding that the loss of even 25 seats could stall the Great Society, Democratic leaders are nonetheless confident that most of their freshmen Congressmen, beneficiaries of circumstance in 1964, can now hold their own. Says one L.B.J. aide: "They're our great plus factor this election."

A General Factor. Republicans, meanwhile, sense a widespread desire for new political leadership—a phenomenon one Congressman calls the "fresh-face syndrome." Besides strong gains in Congress, the G.O.P. is counting on capturing several key governorships—California, Minnesota, Arkansas—as a way of chemically rejuvenating their party. Richard Nixon calls the election "the most important of my lifetime," confidently predicts a G.O.P. gain of 40 House seats, three in the Senate, six governorships. To this, Vice President Hubert Humphrey replies: "I'll bet Nixon a 20-lb. Minnesota turkey against a dinner at any restaurant he chooses that his predictions are 50% wrong. When it's all over, we'll have the best damn dinner we've ever had at 21."

Though party strategists speak warily of voter apathy, a record off-year turnout of 56 million—30 million Demo-

crats, 26 million Republicans—is expected. The election stands in marked contrast with 1964, when the Goldwater candidacy distorted traditional voting patterns and moved 4,000,000 G.O.P. voters into the Democratic column. The impact of the Kennedy assassination, important in the 1964 vote, will have little or no effect this time around.

Perhaps the most important factor in this year's elections is general rather than specific. The voters are prey to a variety of frustrations—about the state of the economy, the progress of civil rights, the course of the war in Viet Nam. While each of these issues can cut either way, depending on the particular contest, overall they may spell trouble for the party in power. On the Viet Nam issue, in fact, the voter who feels that the war effort has not been vigorous enough, as well as one who feels that the U.S. should stop bombing and work harder for peace, could both wind up voting against the in party. The elections of 1966 seem sure to bring reverses for the Democratic Party, but just how big the Republican gain will be is a question no one can answer until after the polls have closed.

NEW YORK

Costly Confusion

Faced with a surplus of competitors and a hazily divided electorate, New York's gubernatorial candidates turned last week to eye-gouging personal attacks. Republican Governor Nelson Rockefeller started the year at an all-time popularity low that gave him scant hope of winning a third term. Throughout a hard, costly campaign, he has narrowed the gap and, toward campaign's end, was hammering at Democrat Frank O'Connor's "demagoguery," lack of courage, foresight and "size." New York City Council President O'Connor, who is conspicuously short of personal dynamism, effective organization and cash, accused Rockefeller of a "shabby attempt to mislead the people" and exhumed a four-year-old scandal in the state administration. Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., a Democrat running on the Liberal Party ticket, was dismissed by O'Connor as a "failure at every job he ever held." Roosevelt merrily belabored both major contestants, while Conservative Paul Adams sniped from the right at the three liberals.

All of this left confusion as the only constant, even among the professional seers. An NBC poll by Oliver Quayle showed a pronounced trend for Rockefeller, while a New York Daily News canvass found O'Connor improving on a slight 3.6% lead. An ABC poll by John Kraft reported a near deadlock with O'Connor 2% ahead and the undecided still at 13%. All three indicated the minor-party candidates could get about 20% of the vote between them. Thus, it was not even certain that the winner would have a majority mandate.

PENNSYLVANIA

Candidate ex Machina

During his uphill struggle for Pennsylvania's Democratic gubernatorial nomination, Millionaire Milton Shapp relied heavily on the man-v-machine theme—and indeed wound up snatching victory from the organization candidate. In the last days of the general-election contest, Shapp's Republican opponent, Lieutenant Governor Raymond Shafer, also found himself fighting a machine—in his case, the television set.

In an all-out effort to offset Shapp's lavishly financed campaign, two of the state's most popular Republicans—Governor William Scranton, who helped nominate Shafer as his successor, and Senator Hugh Scott—have marched up and down the Keystone State on behalf of the G.O.P. candidate. Shafer, doing much energetic footwork himself, has been concentrating on the Scranton administration's creditable record and Pennsylvania's prosperity, accuses Shapp of trying to buy the election. Shapp charges that the state's economy is, in fact, deteriorating, that public utilities get an unfair tax break and that Shafer is the tool of unseen "bosses." Though he is a political novice, Shapp's campaign has been adroitly planned to reach full momentum just before Nov. 8, with \$1,000,000 budgeted for television in the last week alone. Day and night throughout the state, TV stations will be showing new documentary films, *Shapp* (30 minutes) and *Man Against the Odds* (15 minutes). Last week the odds were against Shapp.

MASSACHUSETTS

Crowded Platform

"You don't help a man by constantly giving him more and more handouts, over and over," exhorts the candidate. "You destroy his self-respect. What we want to do is to make men productive." Many a white politician is using the same argument this fall to exploit anti-Negro feeling. But the speaker in this case is Edward W. Brooke, 47, Republican attorney general of Massachusetts who, if victorious on Nov. 8, will be the first Negro U.S. Senator in nearly a century.

Brooke himself has not emphasized racial issues in previous campaigns. Yet, though his Democratic opponent, former Governor Endicott Peabody, 46, is an ardent civil rights advocate, Brooke has seen his early lead threatened by anti-Negro reaction, and of late has denounced both Stokely Carmichael* and Lester Maddox as "the extremists of black power and white power."

Peabody has been handshaking his way around the state with on-the-hoof assistance from the Kennedys and Post-

master General Larry O'Brien. Like Brooke, Peabody gets good receptions, which seem to belie Brooke's advantage in the opinion polls. In the absence of clear ideological differences, liberal Republican Brooke reminds the electorate that the Democratic voters failed to renominate Peabody after his one term as Governor. Peabody retorts that Brooke is a most un-Republican Republican. "He is trying to run on my platform," says Peabody. "He should resign from his own party."

In the gubernatorial race, the Democrats have put on a rare show of party unity that has helped to narrow the initial advantage of Republican Incumbent John Volpe, 57, over the Democratic candidate, former Attorney General Edward McCormack, 43. Volpe, whether dancing Zorba-style at Greek picnics or playing *boccie* with the *pae-*



BROOKE IN EAST BOSTON
Threatened by the reaction.

sani, is a more spirited stump performer than the reserved McCormack. Also going for Volpe are the state's prosperity and a generally impressive record in office. McCormack's own poll, completed last week, gave Volpe a tenuous advantage of 2½%.

CALIFORNIA

Tide Coming In

"I'll tell you what will happen if the Republican candidate is elected," Bobby Kennedy told the kids as he stumped California with Democratic Governor Pat Brown. "School on Saturday. More homework." His pitch to adults was just as tongue-in-cheek: "Are you so devoid of compassion that you want to take Ronald Reagan out of the movies? He's beloved in the movies; send Ronald Reagan back to the theater."

Though President Johnson also was

expected to campaign for Brown, such big splashes seemed unlikely to turn the tide and send G.O.P. Gubernatorial Candidate Ronald Reagan back to show business. Running for a third term in Sacramento, Brown trailed Reagan by as much as 6% in recent polls.

Brown, in consequence, has recast his campaign tactics, no longer harps on the charge that Reagan is a right-wing extremist. Instead, the Governor is emphasizing Reagan's lack of administrative experience. Reagan, in turn, is convinced that Californians are simply bored with Brown's bland, avuncular personality and is now campaigning cautiously on the assumption, as one of his top advisers puts it, that "we're ahead—let's not blow it."

OREGON

Monsoon Season

Oregon's race for a U.S. Senate seat is the nation's only major contest in which the central issue is the Viet Nam war. The campaign—like the conflict itself—has seasawed to and fro. Last week handsome, two-term Republican Governor Mark O. Hatfield, 44, who has expressed grave misgivings about the Administration's conduct of the war, and Democratic Representative Robert Duncan, 45, a snuff-dipping ex-seaman who stands foursquare in favor of the President's policies, were running almost dead even. A check by Pollster John Kraft showed Duncan with 46%, Hatfield 45%, and 9% undecided.

Wavering voters were given little guidance by a monsoon of out-of-state luminaries who came in to help both candidates. Bobby Kennedy, who has consistently capitalized on antiwar sentiment, talked briefly about Viet Nam in terms that implied agreement with Hatfield rather than Democrat Duncan. Richard Nixon, who stumped the state for Hatfield, also skirted the war as an issue, though elsewhere he has urged a bigger effort. The decisive factor may be that Hatfield is a familiar, popular figure throughout the state, whereas Bob Duncan until recently was little known outside his district. Lyndon Johnson plans to cut a swath through Oregon on Duncan's behalf three days before the election.

MARYLAND

Lucky Seventh?

At a rally outside Baltimore last week, Democratic Gubernatorial Candidate George P. Mahoney, 64, whipped off a shoe and brandished it triumphantly. Showing off a hole the size of a quarter, Mahoney bragged of his 17 years "walking up and down" the state campaigning. In fact, despite six previous tries for statewide office, Mahoney, a millionaire gravel and paving contractor, has never before been considered a serious candidate. The difference this year is that he latched onto the single controversial issue of open housing, to which he is fervently op-

* Who, after a preinduction physical, announced last week that he would rather "go to Leavenworth" prison than enter military service.

posed. With his sound trucks blaring "Your home is your castle" to the tune of *The Bells of St. Mary's*, Mahoney has built a commanding lead over his moderate Republican rival, Spiro ("Ted") Agnew, 47.

Agnew (his Greek immigrant father changed the name from Anagnostopoulos) has been an able, low-key administrator of Baltimore County. His campaign started slowly: for weeks he orated on such rarefied topics as air pollution. Now he says he's "getting a little mad." Agnew, who advocates open-housing legislation for new apartments and subdivisions, is trying to connect Mahoney with the Klan, says Maryland must choose between "the courageous flame of righteousness and the evil of a fiery cross."

Agnew has yet to muster enough steam to beat a 3-to-1 Democratic registration among the state's 900,000 voters. In the topsy-turvy campaign, Republican Agnew has the support of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and even of the Baltimore chapter of A.D.A. Mahoney has shown notable strength among blue-collar workers in Baltimore and low-income homeowners in the suburbs. To beat him, Negro leaders in Baltimore would have to deliver almost all of their 140,000 votes for Agnew.

MICHIGAN

What Is a Romney?

Michigan's Democratic Gubernatorial Candidate Zolton Ferency allows gamely that he is fighting a losing race. All the same, he says, "People used to ask 'What is a Ferency?' Now they're asking 'Who is Ferency?'" Republican Governor George Romney, who thus could have safely sat out his campaign for a third term, nonetheless has been running harder than ever. In order to enhance his presidential prospects for 1968, Romney hopes not only to exceed his 380,000-vote plurality of 1964 but also to pull Republican Senator Robert Griffin to victory.

He might succeed on both counts. Griffin, 42, a five-term Congressman who was hardly better known than Ferency before Romney appointed him to the Senate seat vacated by the death last April of Democrat Pat McNamara, began as the decided underdog in the race against former six-term (1949-60) Governor G. Mennen ("Soapy") Williams, 55. After a costly primary victory, however, Old Pro Williams found his campaign coffers somewhat depleted, was further slowed by a kidney-stone operation in August. For his part, Griffin manages to sound every bit as liberal as Soapy, and has proved particularly effective in defending his sponsorship of the Landrum-Griffin Act, whose regulation of union elections and finances is anathema to Detroit's labor leaders. Griffin makes much of the fact that John F. Kennedy was floor manager for the measure in the Senate, adroitly wrung from Williams in a face-to-face debate an acknowledgment that

labor can live with the act. Whatever the outcome, George Romney's hard work on Griffin's behalf seems sure to improve the Michigan Governor's standing with many Republican leaders who have distrusted him as a party renegade.

ILLINOIS

Yorktown Revisited

"If Paul Douglas is in trouble," thundered Hubert Humphrey at a Democratic rally in Chicago last week, "then George Washington was in trouble at Yorktown." That intelligence could bring Cornwallis back from the grave. For the polls, as opposed to the vice-presidential glands, have largely shown that Illinois' Liberal Democratic Senator Douglas is in deep difficulty in his fourth-term bid against Liberal Republican Charles Percy, a millionaire indus-



PERCY WHISTLE-STOPPING
Faith in polls, not glands.

trialist who has wryly classed himself as "unemployed" since his unsuccessful 1964 attempt to win the governorship.

A longtime champion of civil rights, Douglas is the natural target of whites angered by unruly civil rights demonstrations in Chicago—while Percy is winning the votes of many Negroes irked by the Democratic machine's resistance to their demands. Hulking, white-thatched Douglas, 74, emphasizes his past contributions to such legislation as social security and federal aid to education. Says Percy, 47: "My opponent views the future through a rearview mirror." The G.O.P. challenger—whose campaign has swiftly recovered momentum lost during a three-week moratorium imposed after the murder of his daughter Valerie in September—comes down hard on the immediate, largely non-ideological issues. Percy emphasizes inflation, tight money and racial

disorders, condemns Douglas' you-never-had-it-so-good refrain as "materialistic," and largely untrue; last week Percy launched a four-day whistle-stop train trip through downstate areas.

This week the Chicago Sun-Times's poll gave Percy 57% to Douglas' 43%. The spread may narrow considerably as Chicago's Democratic wardheelers redouble their efforts, but Percy exudes confidence that he will no longer be unemployed after Nov. 8.

GEORGIA

Different Bird

Though Lester Maddox refused to serve Negroes his fried chicken, he makes no bones about soliciting their patronage at the polls. A noisy racist who shuttered his Atlanta Pickrick Restaurant in 1964 rather than accept an integrated clientele, Maddox won the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in an upset runoff victory over former Governor Ellis Arnall, a racial moderate. Republicans thought that Maddox would be the less formidable candidate against their man, Congressman Howard ("Bo") Callaway, 39.

Maddox, 51, has proved a wilier bird than even his most knowing opponents anticipated. He has promised to appoint Negroes to state boards and—while insisting that "these colored people won't be involved in our social life"—says that as Governor he would "treat all minority groups fairly." Textile Millionaire Callaway is a segregationist himself, though of a subtler hue. He claims that a Maddox victory would be a blow to the state "from which it may never recover," pleaded before a Rotary Club meeting in the tobacco town of Douglas last month: "Which one is going to bring in industry? Who do you want going up to Washington representing you?" Whom Georgia's voters want seemed as hard to predict as a wishbone-pull.

ARKANSAS

Squealing at the Lick Log

Campaigning for Governor in the Ozarks, Winthrop Rockefeller may look upon Elder Brother Nelson's battle in New York as a polite drawing-room exercise. Winthrop, 54, an Arkansas cattle rancher, is squared off against don't-or-die Segregationist Jim Johnson, a Wallace Democrat who resigned a \$20,000-a-year seat on the State Supreme Court to run for a post that pays only \$10,000. Typically, Gentleman Jim drives into town, sighs into a loud-speaker, "I love all of you and, oh, oh, I do need you," then begins hugging and kissing the crowd, men and women alike. In a campaign of innuendo against the Republican, he derides Rockefeller as a "jet-set cowboy," has attacked his virility by labeling him a "prissy sissy" and urged that "deviates, political and otherwise," be kept out of office.

Rockefeller nonetheless has maintained a healthy lead. Though uneasy

cessful in his bid to unseat Governor Orval Faubus two years ago, Rockefeller got nearly 44% of the vote. Since then, he has built a Republican organization in almost every corner of the state, and has never stopped campaigning.

The Democrats, on the other hand, were split by a bitter primary battle. Johnson last August defeated Faubus' personal choice for a successor, and in repeated attacks on the Faubus machine vowed to "slap the hogs away from the trough." In trouble, Johnson has not only shown himself eager to shake hands

DUNGAN ALLEN



WINTHROP ROCKEFELLER

Hardly a drawing-room exercise.

with Negroes, but has also gone hat in hand to seek Faubus' blessing. Faubus, in turn, is urging his supporters to "come to the lick log" (Arkansas argot meaning swallow your pride and back Johnson). Nonetheless, with a private poll showing Rockefeller ahead with 52% to Johnson's 43%, Arkansas should elect its first Republican Governor in 94 years.

POLITICAL NOTES

Who's for Whom

In New York, Governor Nelson Rockefeller won the support of Long Island's Newsday, largest suburban daily in the state (see THE PRESS), and the Amsterdam News, Harlem's most influential weekly.

► In Montana, the Miles City Star (circ. 4,000), noting that the New York Times (circ. 874,393) had endorsed Montana Democrat Lee Metcalf, whose U.S. Senate seat is being contested by Governor Tim Babcock, returned the compliment by urging New Yorkers to re-elect Nelson Rockefeller.

► Closer to home, the Times came out for Republican Senator Clifford Case of New Jersey, running for a third term, and Connecticut Republican E. Clayton Gengras, who is challenging Governor John Dempsey.

► In Massachusetts, the Boston Herald and the Harvard Crimson favored Republican Edward Brooke in his Senate race against former Governor Endicott Peabody.

► In Wisconsin, the traditionally liberal Milwaukee Journal urged re-election of Republican Governor Warren Knowles, who is being challenged by Democratic Lieutenant Governor Patrick Lucey.

PROHIBITION

Moonshine on the Rocks

In Jackson hotels and restaurants, a stinger or a Scotch on the rocks was served with a straw. Dry-martini buffs gagged on concoctions as wet—and sometimes as muddy—as Old Man River. The patron who asked for a screwdriver was more apt to get a tool than a tippie. Thus, with more complaint than celebration, Prohibition receded from the last officially dry state in the Union. Since Mississippi's ban on liquor was dropped on July 1, counties with two-thirds of the state's population have voted wet.

Bars, which sometimes ran dry during the first few days after repeal, anticipate a long campaign to lure Mississippians away from their home and club drinking habits. Drinkers, in turn, saw a slight rise in prices as retailers—more than a third of them ex-bootleggers—boosted their markups.

Bootleggers who stuck to bootlegging soon discovered that state and local governments no longer condone—or tax—smuggled booze. For the first time, convictions are being vigorously sought and obtained against purveyors of illegal liquor, and moonshine—which many Southerners prefer to the aged, taxed variety—is no longer so easy to buy. Biggest gainer is the state government, which expects to see alcohol revenues jump from \$4,500,000 a year to more than \$10 million.

CITIES

Capital for the New Megalopolis

On the Eastern Seaboard, airline pilots flying north at dusk from Washington to Boston look down on a coruscating corridor of light, an unbroken, 450-mile-long conglomeration of 37 million Americans that is referred to by demographers as "the Eastern Megalopolis." Another area is growing even faster, and will ultimately pose bigger problems. This is the potential "Great Lakes Megalopolis," which will soon stretch without interruption from Pittsburgh to Chicago, by the year 2000 will contain a population of 45 million. Fortunately, in the opinion of City Planner Constantinos Doxiadis, the great heartland megalopolis has a natural focus and headquarters in Detroit—if the city will only rise to the challenge.

Ekistics. Doxiadis, 53, is the articulate Athenian who raised the eyebrows of less Demosthenic city planners by

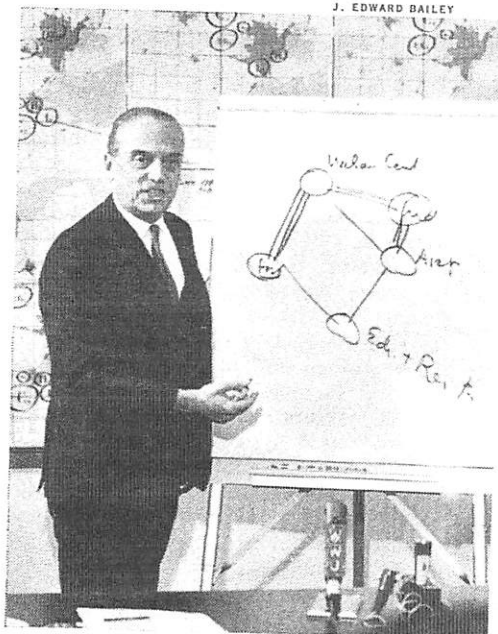
coining the term *ekistics* (derived from the Greek word for *home*) to dignify city planning as "the science of human settlement." He describes his own methodology for charting an urban area's future as the "isolation of dimensions and elimination of alternatives," or, more handily, I.D.E.A. No mere talker, Doxiadis has helped resettle 10 million humans in 15 countries. His projections for Detroit are part of a \$2,000,000, three-stage report on the city's future presented last week.

As Doxiadis projects it, Greater Detroit will eventually cover 23,000 sq. mi., stretch 150 miles long, 220 miles wide, and include 37 counties: 25 in Michigan, nine in Ohio and three in Canada. The area will have a population of 15 million centered in the Motor City but with secondary concentrations at Port Huron, 55 miles to the northeast, Toledo, Flint, Saginaw, Grand Rapids, Lansing and Ann Arbor.

Manifest Destiny. By that time, both Chicago and Pittsburgh will have expanded until the edges of the three cities touch. Because of its key location on the St. Lawrence waterway and at the junction of East-West rail and motor routes, Detroit "is in the most advantageous location to act as the central urban area of this space." To be sure, Doxiadis added firmly, "Detroit's role is not the most important at present. It is an industrial center, but it does not provide services for a major urban area. It is not attractive as a center city."

If Detroit is to live up to its manifest destiny by the second millennium, it will need massive urban redevelopment: roads, ports, airports, research facilities and shopping centers must be strategically located and built in the next 33 years. How much, where and when? His I.D.E.A.s, Doxiadis promises Detroit, will be ready in two years.

J. EDWARD BAILEY



PLANNER DOXIADIS
The man from I D F A